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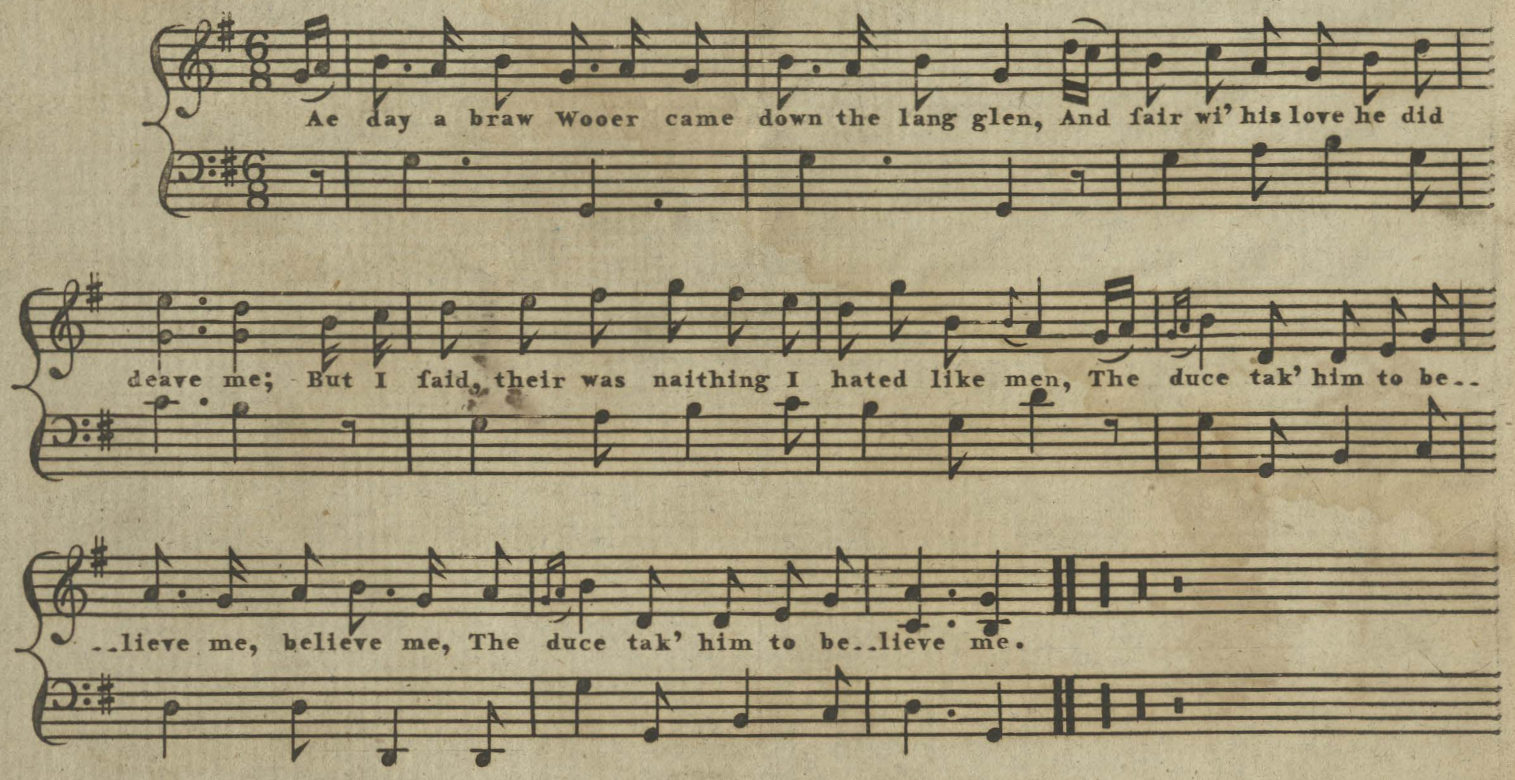
GUDE FORGI'E ME FOR LIEIN'.

The Words by Robt. Burns. — Price 4d.

EDINBURGH Printed and Sold by JOHN HAMILTON at his Music Shop No. 24 North Bridge.


Ae day a braw Wooer came down the lang glen, And fair wi' his love he did
deave me; But I faid, their was naithing I hated like men, The duce tak' him to be..
..lieve me, believe me, The duce tak' him to be..lieve me.

2

A weel ſtocket mailen himſell o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

3

He ſpake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' o for my love he was diein';
I ſaid, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgie me for liein'.

4

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or leſs,
(The diel's in his taſte to gae near her)
He's down to the Caſtle to black Couſin Beſs,
Think how the jade I cou'd endure her.

5

An' a' the nieſt ouk as I freted wi' care,
I gade to the tryſt o' Dulgarlock;
An' wha but my bra' fickle Wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd ſeen a Warlock.

6

Out owre my left ſhouther I gie'd him a blink,
Leſt neighbour ſhou'd think I was ſaucy;
My Wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' vow'd that I was a dear laſsie.

7

I ſpier'd for my Couſin, fu couthie an' ſweet,
An' if ſhe'd recover'd her hearin';
An' how my auld* ſhoon fitted her ſhachel'd feet,
Gude ſaf' us how he fell a ſwearin'.

8

He beg'd me for gudeſake that I'd be his wife,
Or elſe I wad kill him wi' ſorrow;
An' juſt to preſerve the poor bodie in life,
I think I will wed him to morrow.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.

*An old Lover.

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